

Obi-Wan Trilogy - Chapter Two - The Dark Times

by Noggins

Category: Star Wars

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-04 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-04 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:23:59

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,985

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The second of a trilogy. On Tatooine Obi-Wan Kenobi meets someone that changes his perspective of life

Obi-Wan Trilogy - Chapter Two - The Dark Times

Title: The Dark Times

>
Author: Jonathan Evans

>
Author email: noggins@ic24.net

>
Summary: Ten years before Episode IV, Obi-Wan Kenobi meets

>someone that changes his perspective of the way he is to lead
his life in the future.

>
Disclaimer: George Lucas owns everything and I'm not making any

>money off of this nor do I intend to (I'd like to but that's not the

point). You can distribute this freely provided that it's

>complete with this disclaimer.

>THE DARK TIMES
By Jonathan Evans

>
Obi-Wan walked many miles through the hot sands of Tatooine
before

>reaching the nearest moisture farm. The owner, an old figity
man
reminded him of Owen. Owen. The name would have brought a tear

>to his eye if not for the Jedi Code. There is no passion, there
is
serenity.

>
Having obtained enough water to keep him alive until he could
fix

>his own barely adequate vaporator, he began the long walk
home.
The wind blew over his face. He pulled a bandage over his
face

>but it was nowhere near enough to stop the stinging pain of
the
sand that whipped his already hardened skin.

>
A sandstorm was building up quickly. There was no way he would

>make it back to his hut on the junkland wastes. He could
just
give up now and forget it all. He could die and all of the

>troubles that had plagued him would be gone. That, of course,
was wishful thinking. There is no death, there is the Force.
>
Ben Kenobi heard a voice behind him. It was full of youth
>and ached for excitement. It sounded so much like... him
all those years ago. He turned to see a dark haired teenager
>catching up with him in a landspeeder.

>The speeder stopped next to him and the boy smiled.
"Need a lift anywhere, old timer?"
>Ben shook his head. "No thank you, my boy. I should make it."
"Don't look like it," he replied. "I can give you a lift to

>Mos Eisley if you want. I'm headed there now."

>Ben decided to take him up on his offer. Once this storm was

over he could get home much quicker. Plus he did not want to

>reveal the hut to an outsider. He knew that people considered
him an old wizard and didn't want the attacks on his tiny
>homestead that had befallen many other strangers on Tatooine.

>* * *

>Upon reaching Mos Eisley, the boy went to a hardware store
for tools to repair the motivator in his speeder's engine.
>Ben looked for a Cantina to spend what it seemed would be a
long night. It wasn't a difficult thing to find in such a
>wretched hive of scum and villainy.

>He walked down a stairwell into the smoke filled den. Ben had
not seen so many different races since... before the dark times.
>He walked to the bar and ordered a drink. The change he
received
from the water he purchased was barely adequate but
enough to
>buy something of strong alcoholic content. And he needed it
even if his Jedi training all those years ago had forbidden it.
>
He sat down alone on a table for two. A sip from the cup in
front
>of him brought a smile to his lips, aged beyond their years.
He
looked at his reflection in the liquid and saw a man ten years

>older than himself. He was only forty five but the
reflection
made him look almost elderly. He frowned sadly but,
realising
>that this brought his wrinkles out more, settled with a
more
neutral expression.
>
After some time a small alien came up to him. Ben mistook the

>Chadra-Fan for a mere child and shooed it away.
"Go away," he
hissed. "Someone of your age should not be in
>this place."
"Me could say same thing," the creature replied in
very
>broken basic.
A quick probe with the Force revealed to ben that
his companion
>was in its fifties, much older than any other of its race he
had met. It jumped onto the seat opposite Ben.
>"Me Frad. Who you?"
"Call me Ben," he replied.
>"But that not you real calling."

>Ben looked to the creature. It... he was extremely wise.
Almost
as much as Yoda, the old human smiled wryly.
>"No, it isn't."
"What is you real calling?"
>"I'd much rather it if you called me..." Ben sighed. What
difference
would it make? "My name is Ben. I am a Jedi Knight."

>Frad smiled a little. "Ah, Jedi. You kind gone almost, yes?"
"It is true. We have been hunted down and killed. And it is my fault."

>The Chadra-Fan put its hands on the table and folded them.
"You want forget things, right?" Ben nodded affirmatively. Frad

>continued. "That no good.You must talk."
"About what?" Ben sighed. "About how all this is my fault. About how if I had not let Qui-Gon die that things may have been so
different."

>Frad nodded, talking this all in and trying to work out Ben's almost
cryptic fashion of talking.

>"And who this Qui-Gon? Important to your?"
"He was my teacher. All those years ago. He was like a father to me

>when I needed a father and like a brother to me when I needed a brother."

>Frad clicked his teeth several times before speaking again.
"Bad when you lose one like this. I lose one like that."

>"But you can't have made things worse like I did. I promised to
train a young boy in the ways of the Force but I knew I couldn't

>do it like Qui-Gon."
"You no put self down. That no good."

>"But I didn't notice when he was tempted by darkness. Fear was
his weakness and it was exploited by those who knew it all too

>well."
Frad nodded. "I see what you mean."

>"Do you, though?" Ben muttered. "Have you ever felt that you were
not the right person to do a job yet everyone's faith in you

>gives you the delusion that you can?"
"Many time," his companion agreed. Why did he do that all the time?

>Ben knew that his creature could not have understood things the way
he did yet he was so insistant.

>
Ben continued his speech. "I was forced to fight the boy when he was a

>man. It took that long before the darkness had corrupted him.

He
did it slowly but soon my pupil was pure evil."

>
"'He?'" Frad asked inquisitively.

>"Palpatine," Ben said after looking around him in case any of the
Emperor's sinister agents were in the Cantina. Frad spat onto the

>floor at the sound of the name.
"He bad," the little creature uttered.

>
"No one realised how clever he was. He rose to power using the Dark

>Side of the Force yet not even the Council could sense him. He was...
is the embodiment of the Dark Side. Pure hate."

>The Chadra-Fan spoke again. His tone was that of testing the waters.
"Not as bad as Vader. Vader pure evil."

>Ben flinched at the name.
"Know of Vader, eh?"

>"He... he was the boy I failed."
"Thought as much," Frad nodded. He didn't offer any explanation for

>his unique intuition.

>"When Vader... Anakin fell into the molten pit after that battle I
thought he was dead. I was almost glad, the Force help me. I thought

>I had conquered the Dark Side forever. I thought I had prevented

the
Sith uprising."

>"How wrong you were," Frad noted.

>Several spacers entered the Cantina and commented on how the storm was
calming down. Frad turned to Ben.

>"Walk, will you?"
Ben nodded. "I think I need some air, my friend. No matter how dry it

>is."

>The two left the smoke and entered the main Mos Eisley street.

Frad
stopped walking after some time and looked at Ben with an intense glare.

>"How feel you now you talk over?"
Ben shrugged the kind of shrug he gave Qui-Gon when asked a similar

>question when he was merely a child. "I guess I feel a bit better," he
commented.

>
"It good to talk," Frad smiled. "It get things in the air. Now let me

>tell something..."
"I would be glad to hear what you have to say," Ben said.

>"I die soon."
"How soon?" Ben asked. He concern for a creature he had only known for

>a short amount of time surprised him.
"Soon," Frad said with some weakness present in his voice. Ben hadn't

>noticed it in the noise of the Cantina but realised it had always been
there. The alien continued. "I hide here when things get bad.

I

>coward. Many die by me. All my fault."

>"How can you say that?" Ben asked.
"I was to lead battle. I couldn't face it. I ran here. Many... died."

>"Many Chadra-Fan?"
"Many Jedi."

>Ben was struck back. How could this little guy say this? How could his
abandoning a battle cause the death of Jedi? This wasn't possible.

>"Explain," the old Jedi said.

>Frad nodded. A group of Jawas shuffled passed so he ushered Ben into the
shadows of a nearby alleyway. He took a deep breath before continuing.

>"In Clone Wars. Me lead Jedi into battle. My brother die. He only young.
I not take part in more battle. I scared. I thought me not being there

>would save Jedi. I wrong."
Ben still could not understand this but he had to offer consolation.

>"I'm sure those Jedi are now with the Force and forgive you."
"I hope so. I be with them soon. May the Force be with you."

>Frad walked further into the shadows until Ben could no longer see him.
His voice was heard once more.

>"There is still some good in Skywalker, Obi-Wan Kenobi. You will see."

>Ben ran into the shadows but the alien was no where in sight. A glint
of light caught the corner of his eye and bent down to see a small

>lightsaber, small enough to fit into the hand of a Chadra-Fan.

He
suddenly realised who he had been speaking to.

>
During the Clone Wars a battle took place on the seventh planet of the

>Yelloa System. The Jedi and Republic lost due to the disappearance of
the leader of a strategically important team who were to break through

>to the cloning facilities so the others could destroy it. He became
known in the Republic as "Grinfrad, Traitor of Yelloa Seven". That's what

>he had been called by those under the influence of Palpatine. It
spread
quickly. The Jedi understood that this may have not been
the case but
>it was during the period when their name was getting blackened by
the
soon to be Emperor.
>
Ben picked up the lightsaber and pressed the button to ignite
it. Nothing
>happened. He opened the casing to find a missing focusing crystal.
In its
place was an old holo crystal. Turning it on, Ben saw the
picture of two
>young Chadda-Fans, the older in Jedi robes with his arm hung proudly
around
the other. Ben turned it off and walked out of Mos Eisley
into the desert.
>
* * *
>
Outside his homestead, Ben buried the lightsaber with the
crystal still in
>it. He held his own ignited lightsaber aloft as a sign of respect.
He
would have said "The Force is with you, Jedi Grinfrad. There is
no death,
>there is the Force," but the silence seemed more effective. After
several
minutes he entered his hut and put his own weapon away
next to that of
>Anakin Skywalker.

>"There is some good in him," Frad had told him. Obi-Wan Kenobi
honestly
wanted to believe that was true...
>
THE END

End
file.